

## TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

**Circuit Court.**  
W. J. Henson, Judge; S. M. Graham, clerk. Terms of court—3rd Monday in February, and 4th Monday in May, August and November.

**Officers.**  
T. C. Bowen, Com' th. Atty.  
S. S. F. Harman, Deputy Sheriff.  
W. B. Bandy, Deputy Sheriff.  
H. P. Brittain, Treasurer.  
H. G. McCall, Deputy Treasurer.  
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools.  
Address, Snappe, Va.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**CHRISTIAN CHURCH.**—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Prayer every Wednesday at 7 p. m. Stephen Davis, pastor.

**METHODIST CHURCH.** Main Street. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. "Little Workers." Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 8 p. m., fifth Sunday 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. G. C. Rector, pastor.

**NORTH TAZEWELL CHURCH.**—Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Prayer every Friday 7 p. m. G. C. Rector, pastor.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching second, third and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Preaching fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening 7 p. m.

**PRESBYTERIAN, BURKE'S GARDEN.**—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

**TAZEWELL PREACHERS COUNCIL.** Every Monday at 2 p. m.

## SECRET ORDERS.

**CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20.**  
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.  
Meets first Monday in each month.  
DR. C. A. THOMPSON, E. C.  
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Recorder.

**O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.**  
Meets second Monday in each month.  
J. T. COOLEY, H. P.  
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Secretary.

**TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.**  
Meets the 3rd Monday in each month.  
W. T. GILLESPIE, W. M.  
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

**TIPTOP LODGE, NO. 259, I. O. O. F.**  
Tiptop, Virginia.  
Meets first and third Saturdays in each month.  
FRANK PLYOTT, N. G.  
J. G. GILLESPIE, Sec'y.

**C. D. MAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.** Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

**CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.** Tazewell, Va. Practices in all the courts of Tazewell county and Court of Appeals at Winchester. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

**COLTON & COULING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.** Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county, S. M. B. Couling will continue his practice in all the courts of Buchanan county. J. G. Colton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. B. Couling, Tazewell, Va.

**GREVE & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS.** Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Gillespie building. Edgar L. Greve, Barns Gillespie.

**H. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.** Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Collects a specialty.

**BOWEN & ROYALL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.** Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties, and the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Collections given special attention. Office near Courthouse.

**W. H. SPRAAT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.** Richlands, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.

**H. HIGGINSBOTHAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.** Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester.

## Job Work.

## The REPUBLICAN Job Office

Is complete in all kinds of work done neatly and promptly

LETTER HEADS  
NOTE HEADS,  
ENVELOPES,  
BILL HEADS  
STATEMENTS,  
CARDS,  
PAMPHLETS,  
AND SPECIAL JOBS.

Our prices will be as low as those of any first-class office.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**DANIEL M. COSBY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
TAZEWELL, - - - VA.  
PRACTICES in the State and Federal courts of Virginia and West Virginia.

Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly Scott's Emulsion enables you to throw off a cough or cold.



ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

## The Rose-Colored Dawn

By EUGENE BONNIE

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Mrs. Malcomb sat in her hammock on her mother's veranda, gazing dreamily out upon the clear sheet of water that lay between the road and the wooded hills beyond. Her little son, Raymond, not five years old, was playing in a pile of sand near the house and was building churches with steeples, domes and windows.

"Mother," he cried in childish enthusiasm, "see what a pretty church I'm building," and he held out his dimpled little arm pointing towards the structure, all complete in his subtle imagination.

"Yes, my dear," his mother encouraged. "It is very pretty," then returned into the realms of her dreams.

The seven years of her married life came before her with panoramic vividness. The wedding day among the June roses, way back as it seemed now, ages ago—then the little trip across the water to a delightfully sequestered little summer hotel with but a handful of guests. Then the return and the home building period, all so delightful. The second year the advent of the stork and the arrival of the cherub faced little boy. And so on through year after year till the time when her husband began to show signs of weariness and restlessness.

Then long hours alone, bitter moments with something eating into the very soul of things. Then the open rupture of the family relations, and her husband's open declaration that the once honest and dominant love was now but the last smoke from the dying embers. The awfulness that stole into her soul when the truth was known. Then the separation—as friends—not separation. The breaking up of the little home, her home and his—putting away little tokens of love and affection, storing pieces of furniture made sacred by association. The return to her girlhood home, to her mother and meet the old faces that seemed an echo from past world.

Only a few miles in the direction of her misty gaze lay the large restless city. In her mental vision she saw her husband in his office toiling and laboring over his papers and surrounded with innumerable huge volumes of law books.

The magazine slipped from her lap to the floor and roused her from her reverie.

A strange feeling of hopeful inspiration ran through her swaying body and touched her very soul. It surged through her with definite resolution that mother and child should not be abandoned, not so long as she could lift a finger in their behalf. A new light shone from her eyes.

"Don't go into the street, dear," she called to the boy, then entered the house. She returned in a few moments with pencil and tablet and resumed her place in the hammock and began writing hurriedly. Half an hour passed when she looked up, gathered the sheets of closely written paper and began to read what she had written.

"Come, Raymond, be my dear little fairy messenger, mail this in the post office," she called.

Mr. Malcomb, attorney and counselor at law, entered his office earlier than usual and began assorting his morning mail. Among the numerous letters was one whose handwriting he recognized at a glance. Taking his paper knife he ripped the envelope open and extracted the letter. He read the first page hurriedly and then put it down and proceeded to deliberately open and read the few remaining letters. This task being completed, he turned again to the open letter and began reading calmly and with deepening interest. His face twitched.

"What was ostensibly my object in sending for you," replied the lawyer, curtly, then added, "have you that cottage on Folsom Avenue—let me see, near Lafayette Place, for rent?"

"I've been holding it for you," lied Riley.

"Well, I want it, and I want you to see that it is ready by next Monday," he turned to his desk, produced a check book and wrote a check.

"It will be ready, sir," he puffed, as he rose ponderously from the chair to make his exit.

"Riley," shouted Malcomb, "have a load of fine, dry sand delivered and dumped on the east side of the house, without fail."

The dealer was off wondering what ailed Mr. Malcomb this day. Malcomb turned to his desk and wrote upon a sheet of office paper all it was literally covered with what seemed unreadable characters. Then he tore it up into small pieces and threw them into the waste basket. Selecting a sheet of tinted paper he wrote again, this time only a few lines. He sealed and addressed the envelope and sent it in a headlong plunge through the mail chute in the hall.

Mrs. Malcomb sat in her hammock, quietly reading her magazine. She was aroused by the patter of the sandaled feet of her little son who came running up the walk with the mail he had induced the postmistress to entrust to his care.

"Here, mother," he cried in youthful mirth, "here are your letters."

With a giddy feeling of a mingled hope and fear the woman tore open the small thin envelope containing the tinted note. She clutched the post of the veranda for support, hardly daring to let her eyes rest upon the lines before her. Her eyes were lighting and darkening, and her breast was heaving with suppressed emotion. Upon that paper which fluttered in her nervous fingers was written her fate which meant to her unbounded joy or utter desolation. One careful look and with a heavy sigh and a soft rustling of her garments she sank backward into the hammock, covering her face with her hands and wept quietly.

"Mother," pleaded the boy, "don't cry. It makes your eyes so red." She picked him up and folded him closely to her bosom.

**Dr. Shoop's Restorative**  
JOHN E. JACKSON.

as he proceeded. On his desk was a small picture of a boy with his head nestling close to his mother's face. The man's eyes wandered wistfully to the photograph. He picked it up and looked at it a moment then almost reverently touched the shining surface with his lips. His eyes were dim now.

"I will do it, by the gods! I will do it!" he exclaimed (ill his own voice startled him. He hung for the stenographer and gave her a hurried message.

"A soul with a broken wing, and I broke it," he half muttered, picking up the letter for the third time. Then read:

"Spirit Lake, June 10, 1909—My darling sweetheart—You are that, are you not? Just mine—because I love you and you are going to love me in the same old way you used to. I am going to wait today just as I feel and as I've wanted to write but couldn't for the words seemed like an echo from the dead past with no one to hear and understand them and the thought of it only choked my poor heart into dumb silence. Today I feel different—I feel that soon you will write to me and call me all the old foolish names that love's language knows and then I'll weep with joy and laugh with that wholehearted soul-inspiring thought that knows no sorrow."

"You have said your affection is dead. I know it is not dead—only slumbering under a too heavy load of trouble and care. Awaken it, arouse it and let it speak to you, and if for nothing else come back to me for the sake of our little child. He has his father's eyes—those deep, soulful eyes that look into the depths of things. He is playing now in a pile of sand near where I am writing, he is so innocent and he does not know. He is building churches with domes and steeples and windows. He is the living incarnation of his father—a living minature. He needs you and asks for you every day. Don't let us wait long, will you dear? The time to live is so short and the years are so long with-out you."

"With a heart full of love I am looking across the silent peaceful little lake, and out beyond the hills where the city lies—looking in upon you as you read this, and I am waiting with feverish tension for the good news that you are coming back to your little girl."

"Your faithful wife."

Mr. Malcomb placed the letter face down upon his desk as Mr. Riley entered, pompous and important.

"Good morning, Mr. Malcomb; did you want me?" he greeted and questioned.

"That was ostensibly my object in sending for you," replied the lawyer, curtly, then added, "have you that cottage on Folsom Avenue—let me see, near Lafayette Place, for rent?"

"I've been holding it for you," lied Riley.

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**Weak Kidneys**  
Weak kidneys surely point to weak kidneys. The kidneys are the heart and the brain, and the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach the controlling nerves. To doctor the kidneys alone is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine is scanty or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Bright's or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month. Tablets or liquid—and see what it can do and will do for you. Druggists recommend and sell.

**Dr. Shoop's Restorative**  
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"Raymond, dear," she sobbed, then laughed hysterically. "Mother is so happy, we are going to the city to live. Father is coming for us tomorrow."

**HAD TO CONSULT MANY.**

Finally Great German Chancellor Said He Didn't Care.

The late Prince Bismarck once snapped a link in a chain of precedences which promised to be endless. The tale was brought to mind by the recent retirement of Lord Archibald Campbell from the active management of Coutts' bank in London.

Lord Archibald fell in love with Miss Janey Callender and went to his father, the duke of Argyll, for his approval.

"I'm delighted, nothing could be better," said the duke, "but hadn't you better let me speak to Lorne? He might think we ought to consult the princess."

So to his brother, the marquis of Lorne—now the duke of Argyll—they went, and he certainly thought that his royal wife should be consulted as to who should be admitted into the family.

"If Archie likes her, she suits me down to the ground," said the princess impulsively. "But you know, I think I ought to speak to the queen."

Her late majesty graciously approved of the match.

"But, Louise, I think I ought to consult our German cousin first," she said to her daughter, and accordingly wrote to the German emperor.

The kaiser—the present emperor's grandfather—remembered having met Miss Callender and approved of the match, but left his letter open because he did not care to answer finally without consulting Bismarck.

The kaiser found his chancellor and, telling him of the proposed alliance, asked what he thought.

Bismarck blew a cloud of tobacco smoke before he answered his sovereign.

"Me?" said he. "Oh, I don't care."—The Bellman.

**Made a Success of Street Scenes.**  
Arthur P. Spear, the artist, who recently returned to this country after four years' work in Paris, has settled in Boston. He made a success of "street scenes" abroad, and will continue the same branch of art in Boston.

**A Story of Professor Huxley.**  
Professor Huxley, Dr. Wayland declared, was once sitting at dinner beside a lady who in impassioned tones asked him whether he did not think it a very terrible thing that the Rev. Mr. Jones, the vicar, should have adopted the eastward position in administering the sacrament. "My dear lady," he replied, "I am told by Sir John Herschel that to drop a pea at the end of every mile of a voyage on a limitless ocean to the distance of the nearest fixed star would require a fleet of 10,000 ships, each of 600 tons burden, all starting with a full cargo of peas. Now, do you really suppose that the Maker of the fixed stars considers this new position of Mr. Jones a serious thing?"

**Some Phonetic Spelling.**  
Before we complain of the spelling of our daughters we should perhaps take exception to the pronunciation of our fathers. Most of the eccentricities in spelling common to children arise from their attempts to reproduce words as they hear them pronounced by their elders. A child who was told to make a list of all the fruits she knew wrote down, "Apples, strawberries, raspberries, bananas." Another spelled the word "idea" with the addition of an "r." "Idear!" exclaimed her teacher. "That is a funny way of spelling idea." Her pupil, however, was not to be outdone. "I know," she answered readily, "but I spelled it that way for short."—London Chronicle.

**Too Much Appreciation.**  
A biography of Huxley dwells on the annoyance which he suffered from bore. But the plague had its funny side. Huxley once wrote to a friend:

"I had a letter from a fellow yesterday morning who must be a lunatic, to the effect that he was reading my essays, thought I was the man to spend a month with and was coming to see by the 5 o'clock train attended by his seven children and his mother-in-law!"

**The Jackpot Defined.**  
A subscriber asks, "What is a jackpot that I read about once in awhile, and what seems to be the difficulty in getting it open?"

A jackpot is one for properly cooking fish and is especially recommended for suckers. It has a time lock, over the combination of which millions of Americans have burned the midnight oil in vain.—American Thresherman.

**Practical Philosopher.**  
Daughter—Pa, dear, what is the difference between accident and fate?  
Pa—That buttons fly off a man's clothes is accident. That a man's wife never sees them on is fate.—Detroit Free Press.

**Much Pleasant.**  
"Prosperity has ruined many a man." "No doubt. But if I'm given any choice in the matter I'd rather be ruined by prosperity than by adversity. The process is more enjoyable."—Chicago Post.

**Nocturnal Investigator.**  
Husband—I have \$7 more in my pocket tonight than I had last night. Now guess how much I have.  
Wife—Seven dollars.—Chicago News.

**The true art of memory is the art of attention.**—Johnson.

**His Bad Record.**  
"There goes a man with a mighty bad record."  
"You don't say? He doesn't look criminal."  
"Who said criminal? He's a bicycle racer who has never done better than a mile in 2:47."—Baltimore News.

**Breakers Ahead.**  
Auntie (anxiously)—Do you think you have had the proper training for a poor man's wife?  
Sweet Girl—Yes, indeed. Papa hasn't given me any spending money worth mentioning for years. I always get things charged.—Exchange.

**Pained Him to Leave.**  
Soubrette—The heavy tragedian says he gets a rousing reception everywhere. He says it pained him to leave the last town.  
Comedian—You bet it pained him! I understand they rode him out on a keen edged rail.—Philadelphia Record.

**A Startling Telegram.**  
Ten girls in a composition class were told to write a telegram such as would be suitable to send home in case of a railway accident while traveling. One of the girls wrote:

Dear Papa—Mamma is killed. I am in the refreshment room.

## THE PHALANX.

Its Formation in the Military Methods of Ancient Greece.

A phalanx in the military affairs of Greece was a square battalion or body of soldiers formed in ranks and shields compact and deep with their shields joined and pikes crossing each other so as to render it almost impossible to break it. At first the phalanx consisted of 4,000 men, but this number was afterward doubled by Philip of Macedonia, and the double phalanx is hence often called the Macedonian phalanx. Polybius describes it thus:

"It was a square of pikemen, consisting of 16 in flank and 500 in front. The soldiers stood so close together that the pikes of the fifth rank extended three feet beyond the front. The rest, whose pikes were not serviceable owing to their distance from the front, crouched them upon the shoulders of those who stood before them, and so locking them together in file, pressed forward to support and push on the former rank, by which means the assault was rendered more violent and irresistible." The spears of those behind also stopped the missiles of the enemy. Each man's pike was twenty-three feet long. The word phalanx is also used for any combination of people distinguished for solidity and firmness. A grand phalanx consisted of 16,384 men.

**What Hit Him.**  
Some years ago, while a gentleman was walking from St. James' park to Pall Mall on a bright afternoon in summer, he suddenly received a blow on the shoulder which caused him to stumble, and at the same time he heard a loud, crackling noise. On recovering he looked around for his assailant, but there was nobody visible except a policeman, who was many yards away.

When the gentleman reached home, his shoulder was examined, but no injury could be found to account for the pain in it. Soon afterward the servant, who had taken away his master's outdoor coat to brush it, brought back the garment and pointed out that the nap on the shoulder was pressed flat as if a hot wire had been drawn across it. Everything, in fact, pointed to the probability that the wearer had been struck by a meteor.

The incident might well be used as a blackboard lesson for children—also, and for some grownup children, too—who imagine that "shooting stars" only shoot in the dark.—Chambers' Journal.

**Naming the Child.**  
Now, necessarily when the new girl baby arrived there was much discussion among the members of the family as to what her name should be.

"We will call her Geraldina," said the fond mother.

"Why not call her Esmeralda?" said the first grandmother. "I saw that name in a story once and always wanted to try it on a baby."

"Oh, murmured the second grandmother, "that would never do. Let us call her Fanchon."

"But don't you think Eltesa is a pretty name, and so odd, too?" put in one of the aunts.

"Excuse me, ladies," ventured the poor father, who sat near by, "but you seem to forget that we are trying to find a name for a human being and not for a five cent cigar."—Baltimore American.

**Feminine Financiering.**  
He—You owe me ten kisses! Pay up! She—Expain, sir!  
He—I won them! You know very well I wagered a dozen gloves against ten kisses and won!—

She—Oh, but kisses, you know—He (thrumly)—Kisses should be paid just as religiously as any other debt. So (thoughtfully)—Just the same as a note.

"Yes."  
"Or a check?"  
"Yes."  
"Or—or a draft?"  
"Certainly!"  
"Then, you poor fellow, I'll give you a draft on mamma!"—Stray Stories.

**Only Amused Them.**  
James had been an autocrat in his home, and when he went to school he was greatly astounded to be told that he must do that and that he must not do that. After disobeying every rule of the school and being reproved he wanted to know the "why" of it. "Because you disturb the other boys," he was told. "I don't think I disturb them," he replied thoughtfully. "I think I amuse them."—New York Press.

**Mexican Politeness.**  
Foreign Visitor (in Mexico)—What! Do you still have those barbarous bulginess in your country?  
Native—Oh, yes; so many American travelers want to see them, you know, that we have to give one now and then.—Chicago Tribune.

**Very Dark.**  
Yeast—They say the darkest hour is just before the dawn.  
Crimsonbeak—Yes. Well, I know when I've gone home in the morning and knew my wife was waiting for me things have looked unusually black.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Last Resort.**  
Hotel Clerk to Colonel Cutter of Kentucky—Will you have a pitcher of water sent to your room?  
The Colonel—Water! Great guns, ain't there any fire escape?—Indianapolis News.

**The goodness in us impresses those around us for their good, since good is always stronger than evil.**—Ladies' Home Journal.

If you board, look on the bright side. Nothing is better for the system than prunes.—Aitchison Globe.

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## THOROUGHLY CHINESE.

Canton is One of the Oldest Cities in the World.

Canton, the capital of the province of Kwangtung, has a population of about 2,000,000 and is one of the oldest cities in the world, and until the port of Hongkong was opened it was the export city of the empire. Its old walls and fortifications, with their old